The Gallaudet Guide,

AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal,---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

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The Gallaudet Guide,

AND

DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION,

Published on the First of every month by "The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes."

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

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☞ All communications and articles for insertion in the paper should be sent to William Martin Chamberlain, South Reading, Mass.

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TRADE AND SPADE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Between two friends in days of old
A bitter strife began;
And Father Spade and Brother Trade
Disputed man to man.
"You're vain, undutiful and proud,"
Said Spade, with flashing eyes;
"You earn your thousands while I starve;
You mock my children's cries.
You ride in state with lordly looks;
You dwell in bower and hall;
You speak of me reproachfully,
You prosper on my fall.
So from this hour, in shine or shower,
We'll learn to live apart.
I ruled the earth ere you were born—
I cast you from my heart!"

And Trade lost temper in his pride,
And uttered words of scorn
"You do not know the ways of men,
Amid your sheep and corn.
You doze away the busy day,
Nor think how minutes run:—
Go, put your shoulder to the work,
And do as I have done.
You've all the earth to yield your wealth,
Both corn and pasture land,
I only ask a counting house,
And room whereon to stand;
And from this hour in shine or shower,
I'll learn to live alone;
I'll do without you well enough—
The world shall be my own!"

And thus they wrangled night and day,
Unfair, like angry men;
Till things went wrong between them both,
And would not right again.
But growing wiser in distress,
Each grasped the other's hand:
"'Twas wrong," said Spade, "to rail at Trade;
He loves me in the land."
And Trade as truly owned his fault,
"I've been unjust," he said,
"To quarrel with that good old man
Who grows my daily bread.
Long may we flourish, Trade and Spade,
In city and in plain!
The people starve while we dispute,
We must not part again!"

And all the people sang for joy,
To see their good accord;
While Spade assembled all his sons,
And piled his plenteous board:
He fed them on the best of fare,
Untaxed the foaming ale,
And prayed on England's happy shore,
That trade might never fail.
And busy trade sent fleets of ships
To every sea and strand,
And built his mills and factories
O'er all the prosperous land,
And so we'll sing God save the Queen!
And long may Father Spade,
For sake of both the rich and poor,
Unite with Brother Trade.

Montrose, near Richmond, July 16, 1860.

My Dear Friend: The following brief essay on deafness, and dialogue, inserted in the "New London Magazine," in 1793, may be acceptable to the curious readers of your valuable paper; and the dialogue may afford great amusement.

Yours, &c.

H. M. Chamberlayne.

ON DEAFNESS.

A DIALOGUE.

Deafness is certainly a great misfortune, but it is very extraordinary that any should consider it as a crime. It is however, a fact which almost every person must be acquainted with, that many who labor under that calamity, frequently give a random answer, rather than desire a repetition of the question, or that the proposer of it would be more audible. Hence it appears that they are afraid of being suspected of a defect in hearing, as if deafness was always accompanied with guilt. I knew a clergyman who was so much ashamed of this calamity, that though he was not able to comprehend one word in a dozen of what was said to him, was always ready with a reply; but his replies were so foreign to the interrogatories, that any person would suppose the speakers were engaged in a game of cross purposes: the following genuine dialogue, which is given without exaggeration, will show the propriety of these observations.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A. AND B.

A. I am very glad to see you Mr. B ——. I have not had the pleasure of seeing you for a long time. You have been at some of the watering places, I suppose—Brighton, Margate, or Weymouth—have not you?

B. Yes, thank God, we are all very well, except my daughter Betsey: she has had a disagreeable cold hanging about her for this fortnight past.—I hope you and your family are all well.

A. Perfectly so, I thank you—Pray Mr. B——, what is your opinion of the late fracas at Newmarket? Do you really think there was any foul play in that business which has been so much the topic of conversation?

B. I think his royal highness has made a very prudent choice: he has been to Berlin for nothing. The late princess royal of Prussia, now duchess of York, is handsome and accomplished; and, as she possesses 'bien de l'Argent,' she is not the less suitable to the duke.

A. True—I am sorry to inform you Mr. B——, that we have lost our old friend, Mr. Hammond: he died yesterday evening, of the gout in his stomach.

B. That was truly laughable: I always enjoy his drollery, and mean shortly to have the pleasure of spending the evening with him.

A, I believe, sir, you do not perfectly comprehend me.

B. What, do you suppose me to be deaf?

A. I say I have the misfortune to inform you that my old friend Hammond is no more.

B. That's the very man! more, more, is his everlasting cry! No man enjoys a friend, a bottle, or a late hour, better than the gentleman you have mentioned; and he finds very little difficulty in keeping his companions to the last; he is so sprightly, brilliant, and entertaining.

A. (aside) It answers very little purpose to talk to this man; he does not hear a syllable. (To Mr. B——,) Have you heard anything about the royal tar and the Jordan?

B. You need not talk so loud, sir—I am not deaf sir—

A. I beg your pardon, sir—Do you hear that the Jordan has been saluted by the William, after a short friendly chase?

B. The chase had never any charms for me. I never could deem it a pleasure to run the risque of my neck, by leaping over a five barred gate. I never joined in a fox-chase, that I did not think my life as much in danger, as that of a high scented animal we were pursuing.

A (aside) 'Tis high time to put a period to this conversation: I cannot find much entertainment in it. (To Mr. B——,) I am somewhat in haste, Mr. B——, therefore, good morning to you.

B. You may rely upon my delivering the message, sir: she will be very happy to hear of your health. Present my compliments also to your lady and family.

A. Most certainly—But, before we part permit me to request a favor of you. I have lately made a purchase, and find I have not quite enough money at my bankers to complete the business. Will you lend me five hundred pounds, sir?

B. I did not suppose the parliament would meet till after Christmas.

A. I shall be able to repay you in about three months, and you shall have my bond as a security, if you require it.

B. The minister will open with a large majority.

A. And you shall have five per cent. interest, for the whole time I may happen to keep the principal.

B. I am entirely of your opinion with regard to the trial of Hastings; it should have an end.

A (aside) This is like talking to the wind. (To Mr. B——,) Once more, your servant, Mr. B——,

B. I wish you the same, with all my heart, Mr. A—— Exeunt.

A THRILLING STORY.

The following is an occurrence which actually took place in Vermont some 40 years ago. The facts are almost literally as follows:

My brother Heman liked the business of carrying the mail better than I did; and so I went to work in a new clearing I had commenced about a mile and a half from home, and not quite so far from the house of my brother in law. I used to stay as often at one place as at the other. It was a bad arrangement, as, in case of accident, neither family would be alarmed or go to look out for me, if I should not come home. I felt the force of this in the course of the winter, as you will see directly.

There had fallen one of our old-fashioned northern New York snows, crusted over hard enough to bear a man. I was getting on famously with my clearing, getting ready to build a house in the spring. I was ambitious and working early and late, going without dinner some days, when the bread and meat I had brought in my pocket was frozen so hard that I could not masticate it without taking up too much of my time. One day it was intensely cold, with the prospect of a storm that might hinder my work the next day, and so I worked on as long as I could see, and after twilight I felled a tree, which, in its descent, lodged against another. I could not bear the idea of leaving the job half finished; I mounted to the almost prostrate body to cut a limb to let it down.

The bole of the tree forked, about forty feet up, into two equal parts, with large projecting limbs from both. It was one of these I had to cut away to bring the tree to the ground. In my haste perhaps I was not so careful as I should have been: at any rate the first blow eased the lodgement, so that the tree began to settle, and I was just going to jump off, when the fork split, and as it did so one foot dropped into the space so that I could not extricate it for the moment, but I felt no alarm, for I knew that I could cut away the tree in a minute, or perhaps draw my foot out of the boot, as the pressure was not severe. At the first blow of the axe the tree took another start, rolled over, and the split closed with all the force of its giant strength, crushing my foot till the very bones were flattened, and there I hung suspended, just able to touch the tips of my fingers to the snow, with nothing to rest upon for a moment—the air at zero and growing colder—the nearest house a mile away, no friends to feel alarmed at my absence, for one would suppose me safe with the other.

My axe in its fall, rested upon the snow crust about ten feet off. If I could only get that, I might yet save myself. I did not think how I could cut myself loose from the body of that great tree, suspended as I was, head down, and suffering from the rush of disordered blood; but I thought in that keen blade my only hope of life was fixed. Just forward of me grew a slim bush, which I thought, if I could obtain, I could form into a hook by twisting the limbs together, and draw the axe within my reach.

Although the bush was out of my reach, I at last succeeded in getting hold of it by means of a loop which I made by tying my suspenders together. I then drew it towards me and cut it off with my pocket knife—one of that sort known as "Barlow knives," having a single blade about two and a half inches long and three-eighths of an inch wide, with equal width all its length, set in a handle of peculiar form, half its length iron and half horn or bone. I succeeded admirably in fashioning my hook, and almost felt the handle of my axe within my grasp, so certain was I of success. From the tree that imprisoned me the ground descended rapidly for a dozen rods or more to a little creek. My axe lay upon the brow of the hill. The first movement I made towards twisting the loop of my stick around the handle of the axe, so as to draw it within my reach, loosened it from its rest and away it went down the hill, crushing through the little frost bitten bushes down upon the ice of the creek, to a little fall of a few rods below, and over that into an unfrozen pool, with a gurgling sound as it fell into the water that seemed to send an icy chill through every vein and artery of my whole body.

I still had my knife. True, it was a rough surgical instrument, but hope and love of life gave me strength to climb up by my fastened leg and cut away the boot and stocking, and then with that knife I unjointed my ankle and fell to the ground—my left leg a footless bleeding stump. The intensity of the cold saved me from bleeding to death. I tore off a part of my coat, and with my handkerchief and suspenders managed to bind my leg with a handful of snow, and started to crawl home, I succeeded in getting within sight of the house, and then strength utterly failed me.

I tried my voice in vain, but I could make no one hear. I exerted myself once more, and I crawled toward the road that I knew Heman must come. It was a painful task, for besides my exhaustion from loss of blood, I was perishing with cold. Just then I heard my brother's stage horn, and the jingle of the bells coming down the hill. I strained my voice to the utmost pitch, but he did not, could not hear; but there was another friend—who did hear. Old Hunter, the noble old dog, had insisted on accompanying this trip, and brother said,

"Let him go; who knows what good may come of it?"

Good did come of it, for his ear was quicker than Heman's, and he roused up at the first cry, and as the second reached his ear he leaped out, and in a minute was on the spot where I lay upon the snow. He smelled all around, and I held up my footless leg. Just then the sleigh had got up the hill. Hunter sprang back into the path, barked loudly, and as the horses came up, he jumped up, seized the reins, and would not let go till Heman called a halt. Hunter let go his hold on the horses, jumped back to the sleigh, caught hold of Heman's hand, pulling off the mitten, and away he ran back where I was and commenced barking furiously; but I heard nothing. The effect upon me when I knew that I was discovered by that faithful old dog, and that he never would desert me, caused me to faint. My brother knew that Hunter was not at play—that something serious was the matter—and he jumped out of the sleigh and ran after him.

In a little time I was safe at home; the doctor sent for, and my wound properly dressed. I eventually recovered, but was, however, a cripple for life.

New Way to Swindle—*Fellow plays Mute.*—For a few weeks past Marshal McLaughlin has been on the lookout for an impostor who has been playing deaf and dumb for some months past.

It seems he has been travelling thro' some of the southern and western States until recently, when he got into the neighborhood of Danville, where he pretended to be from.

At Augusta, Ky., he prevailed upon some person to write to Mr. Jacobs, Principal of the "Kentucky Institute for the Deaf and Dumb," for a duplicate certificate, in the name of Thomas Lawson, stating that he had lost the first one given to him.

Subsequently, and under the date of June 9th, Hon. John Young Brown, of Elisabethtown, Ky., wrote to Mr. Jacobs, stating that there was a man giving his name as Thomas Lawson, who had called upon him, and had there written an earnest appeal to the citizens of that place, stating that he was the only support of his mother and sisters, that he had been harshly treated in his travels, by railroad conductors and others, that he was out of money, and some other statements with which he expected to arouse the sympathies of the public. This appeal was dated "Elizabethtown, March 20," and was signed "Thomas Lawson Deaf mute book keeper of Cannonsburg, Greenup, Co., Ky.

In this appeal he stated that he had been assistant book keeper in the store of Gardner & Co., Jeffersonton, Ga.

This fellow has just been arrested and can now make himself as well understood by means of his tongue as need be. He says his name is "William A. Evans," and that he belongs in Riply, Ohio. But the Marshall found upon him a visiting card, upon which was engraved "Wm. A. Evans, Raleigh, Tenn."

An envelope with the stamp of "Gordon & Thurston, dealers in drugs, books, etc., Wabash, Indiana," was found among his things. On the envelope was written, in a large, bold, free hand, the superscription, "William K. Thurston, Wabash, Ind." On the corner of the envelope was a three cent postage stamp, which had evidently been taken from the store named, ready for mailing.

In the letter of Mr. J A. Jacobs, Principal of the Kentucky Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, to Mayor Foley, of Covington, there is this sentence: "Thomas Lawson is the name of a bright young man we educated, and who left us last year and whose father lives in Campbell Co., Ky."

Mr. Jacobs denounces Lawson No. 2, *alias* Evans as a villainous impostor.

After the receipt of Mr. Jacobs' letter, a decoy was put into the Post Office in this city, because it was expected that the impostor would call for the certificate of the Institute, which had been directed to be sent to Covington.

When he called at the Post-office, he was told there was nothing for him; but when his back was turned, as he was going away, the clerk suddenly called to him "Oh, Lawson!" whereupon the would be deaf man turned short around and received the letter placed there for him. He had momentarily forgotten his condition, and the game was up. The bird is now in jail.—*Cleveland (O.) Paper.*

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE
AND
DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1860.

NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES.

NOTICE.

The next Convention of this Association will meet at Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday, September 12, 1860. Persons desiring to attend will confer a favor on the Committee of Arrangements by arriving in Hartford, on Tuesday, (11th) thereby enabling them to complete the arrangements for comfort and convenience without interfering with the business of Wednesday.

Persons attending will pay full fare to Hartford, and the Committee will be in possession of free return tickets on most of the Railroads, which will be distributed to those present without charge, subject, of course, to the condition that they return the same way as they came.

CHAS. A. BROWN, Belfast, Me.
JOHN O. DAVID, Amherst, N. H.
GALEN H. ATKINS, Bradford, Vt.
HIRAM GRANT, Hartford, Ct.
OSCAR KINSMAN, "
} Comm'tee of Arrang'ts.

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN,
South Reading, Mass.,
Chairman.

NOTICE.

The Committee appointed by the Fifth Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb, to make arrangements of time and place for the next Convention, would give notice, that difficulties have arisen in the way of providing a suitable place for holding a Convention the present year, 1860, as was intended, and the Committee have judged it expedient that the Convention be deferred till another year. They confidently expect to make arrangements for a Sixth Convention, to be held in the summer of 1861, of which seasonable notice will be issued.

HARVEY P. PEET,
SAMUEL PORTER,
EDWARD PEET,
} Committee.

We have received a communication from C. A. Brown, in reply to *Reynard's* last article. We showed it to *Reynard*, with a view to draw him out, insert both articles in this number of the *Guide*, and so end the controversy. He sent us a reply; but on mature consideration, we have come to the conclusion, that both are too severely personal; and therefore reject them. The subject is one of general interest; and while we are willing and desirous to give both sides a hearing yet we must request those concerned to confine themselves to facts, avoid personalities, and not represent even *facts* in any stronger light than the circumstances may require.

One of our subscribers, the head of a Southern Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, sends us a note to the following effect.

"I return the July No. of the Guide for your own reflection; you will please discontinue, &c."

On looking into the returned copy, we find an article marked which contains the following sentence as the conclusion of a number of facts in Natural History.

"So if man wanted an example of war and violence, he had only to go to the ant-hills and see the red ants invade the camps of the black ants and carry off their little negro prisoners into slavery."

We suppose that we unintentionally touched a raw spot on our subscriber's constitution; we had not, and have not any intention of meddling with the *peculiar institution* of our southern neighbors. The fact that the ants do so, does not justify men in following their example, any more than men are justified in fighting each other because wild beasts do. Natural instincts are one thing, depraved tastes and brutalized feelings are another. We can't exactly make out which side our subscriber takes; the paragraph in question being equally applicable to both sides, if viewed in different lights; perhaps he will condescend to enlighten our poor benighted understanding, in which case he shall have our heartfelt acknowledgements. As to discontinuing his paper—we decline doing so; he paid in advance for it and we prefer to send it to him for the rest of the year. He is perfectly at liberty to make such use of it as he chooses.

Prof. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, lately gave a series of entertainments at the Academy of Music, in Boston, to one of which he issued an invitation to the Deaf Mutes of the city and vicinity to attend. Quite a number availed themselves of the Professor's liberality; we were favored with a ticket, but were unable to attend—we understand, however, that the performances were truly wonderful and very interesting; illustrating the mysteries of natural science and magic, in a manner very near to perfection. Some of our friends went there with sharpened wits, determined to find out something about it. They discovered that some things could be done, or made so to appear; but as to the how and wherefore, they confess they were no wiser after it was over than before.

PERSONAL. Mr. Josiah E. Livingston of Henniker N. H. met with a serious accident on the morning of the 4th of July. He was engaged in loading a pocket pistol and by some means the weapon, which was heavily loaded, exploded prematurely, tearing up the under part of his left hand, laying bare the bone of the little finger and rendering its amputation necessary. Mr. L. is at present at Manchester N. H., where his parents reside.

We understand that Mrs. Mary S. Brown, wife of Thomas Brown, Esq., of West Henniker, who has been confined to her bed nearly all the time since November last, is in a doubtful condition. Her disease took a favorable turn some time ago; but she seems to have suffered a relapse.

MARRIED—In Charlestown, Mass., Sunday Eve, July 29th, By the Rev. Mr. Lambert, Mr. Daniel Norwood, Jr., of Baker's Island, Salem, Mass., to Mrs. Mary E. Grace, of Charlestown.

The parties are both deaf mutes, Mr Norwood is underkeeper of the Light House Station on Baker's Island.

The ceremony was conducted in the Episcopal form, read from the book, by the officiating clergyman, and rendered into signs, by a hearing sister of the bride, who is well versed in the mute language, and performed her part admirably.

Some sixteen mutes were present, besides a large number of the relatives and friends of both parties. The occasion was a very pleasant one, and the party did not separate until a late hour.

The newly married couple, carry with them to their Island Home, the best wishes of all who know them,

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PRIMARY LESSONS FOR DEAF MUTES.

By J. A. Jacobs, A. M., Principal of the Kentucky Institution for the education of deaf mutes. J. F. Trow, New York, 1860.

We have received two neat little volumns, bearing the above title, and have given them an attentive perusal. Mr. Jacobs, the author of the work, needs no encomium from us; he is well known, among those who are concerned in deaf-mute instruction, as one who has bestowed much time and labor to reduce the art to scientific principles.

The work before us is got up upon a materially different plan from any similar work which we have seen; the principle adopted is that deaf-mute children are better taught in the miscellaneous manner, in which hearing children acquire their education, than when they obtain their ideas in A B C order. It is consequently destitute of the *formality* which has hitherto encumbered the text books of deaf mutes, and retarded the progress of the learner; this we consider an essential improvement; the plan appears to be a superior one, and one which will bear the test of all *unbiased* criticism.

The work is liberally illustrated, the engraving are appropriate and well executed, and cannot fail greatly to facilitate the advancement of the pupil.

The first part is mainly occupied by the names of objects, short phrases, and simple disconnected sentences. The second part contains, among other things, examples of compositions, in the shape of letters and narratives, which are valuable for their simplicity of style and correctness of expression. There are also, introduced as lessons, a large amount of useful items of knowledge, biblical, historical and geographical. The pupil who carefully studies these lessons, will not only have learned to read, but will have acquired much valuable information which will be of service to him in after life.

Although the work is designed especially for young learners, yet deaf mutes of any standing or age would be benefited by a perusal of its pages; we commend it to the attention of all interested in the instruction of deaf-mutes, and also to all deaf mutes who wish to improve themselves in the use of language.

PERSONAL.—Thomas J. Chamberlain, Esq., of Bangor, Me., who was chosen as the 'Orator of the Day' for the next Convention of Deaf Mutes, having declined the appointment, Thomas L. Brown, of Flint, Michigan, will deliver the Oration on that occasion.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, will act as interpreter for the benefit of the hearing persons who may attend the meetings of the Convention.

Our readers will see by the above, that Mr. Chamberlain declined the appointment of "Orator of the day." They may think this is backing out at the "eleventh hour." Justice to Mr. C. compels us to say that we have been in possession of his letter of declination, for a very long time, he having answered our notice to him, as soon after its receipt, as a severe indisposition would allow him. We should have noticed it before, but we wished to couple the announcement of the declination of one, with the fact that we had procured another, hence our delay.

For the Galaudet Guide.

"A SCHOOL FOR DEAF MUTES IN MASS."

MR. EDITOR:

You will bear me witness that I have not, throughout the contest, intruded myself or my opinions upon your readers, on the subject of a school for Deaf Mutes in Mass.—on the contrary, that I have studiously avoided a discussion of the subject in your columns, and have only spoken when decency at least required that I should speak. Unconsciously I recorded my conviction in the January number of the "Guide" that in the New York Institution were to be found some of the best teachers of the Deaf and Dumb in the world. That opinion thus publicly expressed has not since undergone any change—the proverbial acuteness of vision of the Deaf and Dumb constitutes them excellent judges in such matters. Some of the New England teachers, conscience stricken, imagined they saw a *coat*, in the communication alluded to, which fitted them, and *Justice* in particular, perhaps, is now very happy in the thought that *Reynard* never saw that portion of his article which was not published in the "Guide."

Mr. Editor, I am a party man. I am willing to take and to give in a party strife. I am willing to be hit, but in a matter of this importance, involving the welfare of hundreds of children, all strife should be avoided and a calm discussion be aimed at. In this spirit it will be my endeavor to meet Mr. Flournoy.

The question, in Mass., is not so much whether a large or a small school for mutes is most beneficial as whether Mass. shall any longer send her children to Hartford. Mr. Flournoy may argue that in matters of education numbers are a help—he may look into Germany, into which, unfortunately for him, his beloved Hartford never looks—or she would today be teaching language by articulation instead of by gestures. He may do all this and much more, but he has yet to convince me that Hartford is *the* place for *our* children. Are the German Universities with their thousands of scholars, to be held up as models for us? Is a relish for the *Duello* to be introduced into Puritan New England? Are our sons to be taught that a hideous scar on the face is ornamental "rather than otherwise"? Until Mr. F. can show that the system in Germany works beneficially upon the morals of the people, we cannot listen to anything like a proposal to introduce the system into New England.

But even granting that association in large numbers is good or beneficial with one class, does it follow that it is so with all classes? We maintain that with the Deaf and Dumb association should be avoided as much as possible for they grow deafer and dumber, as the blind grow blinder.

Mr. Turner says, and his authority I suppose Mr. F. is always glad of, that the children often bring with them to his asylum evil, vicious, thievish or intemperate habits and in a community of 10,000 of these children, allowing each class into which it may be divided to constitute a family, by itself, how does Mr. F. expect to get along! If he succeeds it will be by miracle.

Therefore, we hold that a school of 100 or 150 is as large as one should be for mutes. Our Lorings, our Carlins, our Chamberlains, our Emersons, and I may add our Flournoys did not come out of a school of even 150. It is in vain that we look for as bright lights in the larger schools. Our schools of 300 turn off too many vagrants and half imbeciles. Why do we hear so much of vagrancy and crime in 1860? Why is it that they were scarcely known in 1820—40? Why were they a year or two ago harping over these evils at Jacksonville and then again in the "Annals"? Was there occasion for these harpings ten or fifteen years ago?

Again, have not these large institutions, with their present system of instruction, a tendency to *raise* deaf and dumb children? Consult the statistics.

This argument would cut into Mr. F's favorite scheme of a Deaf and Dumb Colony. I never had any sympathy with it. It meets with no favor in my latitude. Put the measure to vote here and it would be repudiated with as entire unanimity as this movement for a school in Mass. would be approved.

Can Mr. F. say of his own knowledge that Hartford is all that can be desired or expected of her? If not, he ought not to insist, as he does, that she is the place for our children to learn their A, B, C.

Why not enquire whence this opposition to her? Why is it so universal—not confined to a few?

As to this movement in Mass., it is called for, aye, and demanded, for there have been many strange rumors concerning Hartford. It is a fact that she is sadly in want of efficient teachers. She may be enlarged so as to accommodate 500 or 1000 scholars, but we don't see how it can improve their morals. These being the facts which have in part led to the movement, what says Mr. Flournoy?

REYNARD.

Boston, July 15, 1860.

SNAKE STORIES.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you a clip from the Manchester Dollar Weekly Mirror for insertion in the Guide, for you see our excellent and arduous friend, David P. Clark, the agent of our paper, killed a snake in Surry, the measurement of which astonishes us, where he has been canvassing for subscribers, and also selling improved patented needles. It gives me pleasure to say that he is now in this town, hale and hearty as usual, and *puts up* with Thomas Brown, and expects to try his luck in this place for a few days and then wend his way homeward, his wife being absent from home on a visit *away down to the State of Maine.* He did more in getting subscribers in this State, I believe, than any one else, and may success crown his efforts; he will get his reward in remembrance. He states that as he was wending his way on the road, along the Miner's Ledge, so called, in Surry, he was startled to see a large black snake making its way toward him with its head erect, darting out its forked tongue. He hardly knew what to do, but made a back track, walking backward, the snake following him several rods, when he came up to a maple tree, he tore off a small branch, stripped off the leaves and then halted for the approach of the reptile. He gave it several smart blows in quick succession so as to stun it, and then jumped on its head and killed it. He took out a fishing line which he had in his pocket, as he had no measuring rule with him; he tied a knot on the line the exact length of the snake and after reaching the village he found its length to be five feet and eight inches. Who beats him?

I can never forget how I once met a snake of a poisonous kind, I went out blue-berrying, in a pasture near a marshy lot of ground, full of bushes, difficult to pass through, where croaking frogs abounded, with lizards and wild birds.—I had picked a dinner pail nearly full of berries and was about to return home when I espied a high bush quite full of berries. I made up to it, glad to pick more and occasionally swallow up handfuls, when, oh, horror! not more than a foot from my hand, on the bush, there lay the glistening eyes and head of a snake; my eyes became dim with fright. I felt a dizziness creeping all over my body; with a superhuman strength, none but one in a fright can feel it, I cleared several feet at a jump, spilling the berries out of the pail. I soon overcame my fear and looked round for a stick; I found one near by, and then walked cautiously back and despatched the snake; by measurement it was five feet and one inch long. I would not pick up my lost berries, but went home with an empty pail; I thought of Adam and Eve in the garden of Paradise and the temptation Eve had to eating the forbidden fruit, and their downfall and banishment from the garden.

My mother, a deaf mute, used to relate to me and others how she got frightened by her own *garter*. She once went to draw some water at a pump in a wood shed, and after depositing it in the house was returning for another pail, when she saw what she took to be a large black snake near the pump. She screamed and hurried back and called for my father, who, catching up an axe, walked cautiously toward the pump with it upraised to despatch the reptile; what was his great merriment to see no living snake, but her own garter, which she had unconsciously dropped in working the pump for water.

I have seen, more than once, a snake swallowing a good sized frog without mastication, and have heard many speak about it. John Chandler, a mute friend of Mr. Brown, relates that once he was traversing a field when he saw two snakes of the same kind, making violent motions; he soon discerned that one of the snakes had taken hold of one leg of a frog, and that the other leg was in the mouth of the other snake, each trying to obtain the frog for itself. They used all their strength, winding their tails around bushes and pulling in opposite directions. Such a violent struggle and wriggling he never saw. They soon tore the frog in two parts, and swallowed their respective portions.

LEXINGTON.

THE TATTLER.

LETTER VI.

MR. EDITOR:—It is not the Tattler's intention to treat here of the geological features of earths, rocks, etc., which, if set forth in the "Guide" would be anything but interesting to your readers.

In consideration that this science is still in its infancy. Swaddled in uncertainty, he will endeavor to exercise his discretion in expressing his opinions on the hypothesis, broached by the late Dr. Dick.

That christian philosopher, in treating of the earth, stated a singular coincidence of geographical outlines between the Eastern and Western hemispheres, washed by the Atlantic Ocean, which led him to believe that America was once a part of the Eastern Continent, rent asunder by some great convulsion of nature, probably the Deluge. This hypothesis has made the Tattler study long the Atlas, and convinced him of the truth of Dr. Dick's assertion as to the introduction of the Atlantic Ocean. In poring over the map of America and tracing the remarkable regularity of position of her mountains, the Tattler perceived how the mountains were produced, with their granite strata brought up even to their tops,—how the marine shells were carried upon them thousands of feet above the level of the sea,—how the mammoth caverns, for which our land is famous, were formed,—how the huge animals, as the Mastadon, Megalosauri and others of the like proportions, came to exist on her soil.

In order to make himself better understood, he requests his readers to look over the map of America and compare her boundary outlines with those of Europe and Africa. In so doing, they all will be struck with the coincidence of their outlines, though they will no doubt discover several trifling irregularities, which were probably caused by the successive convulsions of Nature.

They will observe all the ranges of mountains in the United States running regularly from the North East to the South West; and the Rocky Mountains and Andes, from the North to the South, while the ranges of mountains in the Eastern hemisphere run in irregular directions. How is this difference accounted for?

As by pushing snow with a large wooden spade, little ranges or heavings-up of snow are formed, parallel with the spade, so the American ranges were formed by the detatchment of this continent from the Eastern; and by their swelling the undermost stony strata were carried up, and huge boulders of granite thrown up, and the beds of bays and rivers, with their shelly deposits and piscatory remains were thus brought up.

The present location of the marine deposits in the upper regions of our mountains has led many philosophers to issue absurd conjectures, presuming that the sea was far higher years ago than to day.*

The same terrific power that detached this continent from the Eastern, caused disorders in the surface of the earth, which are now generally called the "freaks of nature." Of them the Natural Bridge, Niagara Falls, the River Saguenay and the Mammoth Cave are the most remarkable.

After long study, the Tattler is inclined to believe that Cuba was originally a part of Yucatan, and torn therefrom by some agency; and that all the other islands in the Mexican Gulf were vast fragments of stone, left by the same power at the places where they now stand. Islands founded on coral reefs, which abound in that Gulf, are a different thing.

He also draws an inference from the absence of mountains, even hills, in our part of the land, between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains, and the nature of the prairie soil,—to say nothing of the Great American Desert,—that there was once in existence a Sea in the Valley of the Mississippi. Likely our Great Lakes are the remainder of that Sea, and have since turned to fresh water. From all appearances there was also a Sea rolling over its bed where are now the lands of Russia, Prussia and Holland.

The broken strata of rocks in Europe, in particular the Highlands of Scotland and the Alpine Mountains, show that the Eastern continent suffered as severely as the Western did.

If the detachment of America from the Eastern Continent really took place, we may with propriety presume that the Mastadons and others stalked Westward from the East, in search of food, and were on this land when the catastrophe occurred. Either by the violence of the convulsion or by the Deluge they all became extinct.

Did the detachment take place during the Deluge? The Tattler dares not answer it. But the Mosaic record says in reference to the Deluge, that "all the *fountains* of the great deep were *broken up*." Knowing the terrific violence and impetuosity of the waters rushing through the broken-up fountains, besides their intense heat by reason of their being from the depths of the Earth, is it not reasonable to presume they caused that catastrophe?

At any rate,—whatever might be its real cause,—we cannot but admire the might of the Divine One in arranging by disarranging the stony strata, all things in beautiful heaps. In the midst of wild grandeur, the Alps, the White Mountains and others are in the extreme picturesque and graceful of form. In His works of distorting the surface of the Earth, He pressed as it were his thumb in rocks so as to form basins for lakes, and traced out long narrow hollows for winding rivers and their tributaries,—he notched the mountain ridges for them to glide through. The water-gaps cut out of granite mountains solely for the admittance of rivers, even creeks, are perhaps the most *tangible* evidences of God's power and mindfulness of the wants of animal and vegitable creation.

To ascertain whether the detachment of America from Europe and Africa, was actual, our geologists will perhaps deem it proper to make researches along the shores of both the continents,—comparing the rocks of their latitudinal strata. In their researches they will, certainly with regard to their personal safety, ascertain whether the dismal Maelstrom was not one of these "broken-up fountains," or whether it is not a sunken volcano, with a yawning crater, many miles in diameter, sucking in all that comes within its fatal circle.

Fully convinced that our Continent was really detached from the Eastern, and seeing that the Atlantic Ocean within the latitudes 40° and 55° is comparatively free of islands and rocks, there is much reason to believe that its bed is smooth, by reason of its being *swept clean* by the detatched strata of this continent. Doubtless many fragments of stone were left upon its bed; but they must have from age to age, been covered with sand thus rendering the bottom smooth and admirable for submarine telegraphic purposes.

Though deeper no doubt than the famous plateau indicated by Lieut. Maury, the bed from the Southern extremity of England and France to the United States within 40° Lat., may be a most desirable place for the laying of telegraphic cables; for the thought of the telegraph lying between places belonging to England is not pleasant, especially in the time of war between John Bull and Brother Jonathan.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

New York, July, 1860.

*That mountains existed in Asia as well as Europe and Africa before the Deluge, is certain, for we see the mention in the Mosaic record of the waters rising up and covering mountains. So they are far older than the American Mountains, though the materials with which they are constructed, are quite as old as those of the former.

The Japanese Visit to the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb.

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
New York, June 25th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—I think it proper to give you some account of the visit to this Institution which was made by the Japanese Embassy. On Thursday, the 21st inst. the steamboat S.A. Stevens was placed at the disposal of five of the Embassy—Sano Kanaye, Tumala Souoke, Sema Monotatu, Semanoote Tenoski, and Satoo Tsyunezon—for an excursion to visit the United States fortifications in New York Bay, the Palisades of the mighty Hudson and other objects of curiosity on the river, in the vicinity of New York. They were in charge of Major W. W. Leland, one of the proprietors of the Metropolitan Hotel, and accompanied by Mr. William J. Palmer, Vice Principal of the North Carolina Institute for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, Mr. Beach and Mr. Tyler. The party left the foot of Spring St. at 9 o'clock A. M. and went down to Governor's Island. In passing the Battery and facing the north east wind, it was decided best not to land on the island, but postpone the visit until some warmer day. Soon they met an immense fleet consisting of three barges and two steamboats—a strawberry festival of the Plymouth Church Sunday School children on their way to Dudley's Grove—and the "Stevens" went around, inviting Rev. Mr. Beecher and Mr. Morrill to step on board. Their call being concluded, the "Stevens" went on up the river. The beautiful Palisades and scenes of Revolutionary memory being pointed out, excited much admiration from the Embassy. When they were in sight of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Washington heights, Mr. Palmer interested them so much by a description of it, that they asked for permission to land there. The party took the members of the Institute by surprise, the venerable Principal Mr. Peet, being absent. In short order however, Isaac L. Peet, A. M. collected the pupils of the juvenile class and of the High class, and their exercises made a deep impression upon the members of the Embassy, which they expressed emphatically and repeatedly. One of the Japanese asked the High class to describe the Capital of the Empire of Japan, whereupon six of them wrote upon the large slates, a full and accurate description of Jeddo, which delighted the Japanese very much. Soon after the exercises they partook of a collation prepared by Mrs. Stoner, the matron. Sano Kanaye, the historian, and one of the interpreters of the Embassy, declared that Hon. Townsend Harris, the Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Japan, had told him he must inspect this Institution; and thus he introduced himself to Prof. Isaac L. Peet. They had no such thing in their own native Empire, he declared, but they had institutions for the oral instruction of the Blind. The Japanese, very attentively watched the movements and the condition of the pupils, and Sano Kanaye desired to get text books upon the subject and instructions in the deaf and dumb alphabet; and so intelligent and quick sighted is this historian, that he soon astonished his companions by spelling a number of words with his hand very rapidly. He was much interested in the Institute which he considered a very excellent one; and said he should learn the silent sign-language, and so qualify himself for a teacher and then would establish a school for the instruction of deaf mutes, in the manuel alphabet, when he virtually resigned his colonelship.

After this visit, the party proceeded up the river with six of the teachers of the Institute, according to their kind invitation. The trip was extended to Dudley's Grove, near Sing Sing, whither the Plymouth Sunday School had preceded them. They were received with loud cheers and with waving of handkerchiefs, and manifested much interest in the impromptu and cordial reception. They were escorted through the grove, with much courtesy, exciting much curiosity; and no little disappointment was expressed at the absence of 'Tommy.' After the party had partaken of refreshments the embassy took their seats and loud calls were made for Rev. H. W. Beecher, the pastor of the Plymouth Church, who came forward to speak a few words, and after singing, the Embassy were escorted to the boat. Asking for the number of persons in the Plymouth picnic, they were informed that it numbered about three thousand. The teachers landed at the dock of the Institute; and at 4 o'clock P. M. the boat reached Spring St., and the Embassy took carriages for the Metropolitan Hotel, intending to call upon Lieutenant General Scott, in the evening.

It is hoped that on the return of the Embassy to their Empire, they will lay the scheme of opening a school for deaf mutes before the Court of Jeddo. May the Supreme Being by his all wise Providence, aid them in their exertions to educate the "children of silence;" to unloose the fetters of ignorance, which bind and gall their throbbing hearts, and to illuminate the darkness which envelopes their minds. Who, like the illustrious Clerc, will undertake the enterprise of this deaf mute mission to Japan?

KILBORNE.

LIVINGSTON, June, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—Your printer has again got a date wrong in the notice of Dr. Kitto. He lost his hearing in Feb. 1817, not 1819. I may add that his chief literary labor was the illustration of the Bible, for which he was qualified by extensive study, and a residence of several years in the East.

In reply to your correspondent, 'Experience,' I state that my little girl of five has no 'antipathy' towards spelling on her fingers; but that she can as yet, spell only a small part of the words she speaks. She learns, as I believe all children do, to speak much more naturally, and hence easier and with less effort than she can learn to spell words. Neither has she any 'antipathy' to signs; but on the contrary, is always ready and eager to talk with us by signs as much as she can. She has no difficulty whatever in expressing 'her daily wants' by signs. But we have only a small number of signs for persons and places; and she cannot yet spell long words. If a man coming by should call to me at my wood pile to ask, 'How far is it to Morristown?' or 'Where does Dan. Hopkins live?' or the like, naming persons or places for which we have no short sign, Katie cannot tell us what he wants till she learns to spell such long words. She could readily repeat what he says by speech. If he asks for anything that she knows a sign for, she tells us, and is pleased to be useful to us in that way. Still I think that speech comes more naturally than signs to children. And that those who are placed in circumstances to learn both, will make more easy and rapid progress in speech than in signs. I will resume the list of distinguished German and Danish deaf mutes from Kruse.

Moeller; a native of Drontheim in Norway; and a pupil of the Institution of Copenhagen, under the eminent Dr. Castberg. For his scholarship and good character, he was appointed an assistant teacher. On the death of Dr. Castberg in 1823, he returned to his native city; and, aided by the government, established a school for the deaf mutes of Norway. He was so successful that, says his biographer, 'pupils hardly three years in the Institution can, without assistance, write a *naive* and touching letter.' He had a hearing assistant to teach articulation, but was himself the Principal.—He was happily married, and in 1832 had three children, who all heard well.

Daniel H. Senss, born 1800, in the Mark of Brandenburg, a diligent pupil, and finally a teacher in the Berlin Institution, from which, in 1820, he went with Dr. Weibner to teach in the Institution of Munster. Leaving this place in 1822, he returned to Berlin, and was (as nearly as I can understand the long German words used,) appointed a private religious teacher. (Privat lehrer; Hulfsarbeiter im geistlichem Ministen's.)—Seeking a wider field of usefulness, he travelled over Germany, and finally, in 1827, became first teacher of the Institution for deaf mutes of Hamburg. His pupils could write short sentences after only one year's instruction; which, it seems, appeared a wonderful achievement to the slow Germans. In 1830, he resigned, and undertook a journey to Russia, looking for an opening for teaching deaf mutes in that country. Though deaf mute from birth, his speech was tolerably distinct; says Kruse, but in one of the Hamburg Reports, it is represented as by no means very distinct.—He had acquired French, which would be useful in Russia, but whether he had any success there, I do not know. He had a facility in drawing, and often availed himself of it by sketching absent objects for his pupils.

Adolph Siebert; son of a counsellor and city physician in Brandenburg; pupil of the Institution of Berlin; adopted the profession of a painter; and had the honor to be selected with other meritorious young artists, to be sent to complete their studies at Rome at the expense of the States.

Johann Svenn, pupil of the Institution of Schleswig, remarkable for his early inclination to mechanics, and skill in turning.

Carl W. Teutscher, native of Saxony, and pupil of the Institution of Leipsic, (the one founded by Heinicke.) In 1822, he was appointed assistant teacher, with a salary of $150, (or thalers) which small as it seems to us, was more liberal than the salary of Laurent Clerc, at Paris, which, says Bebian, was only 500 francs, less than 100 dollars.

Wilke, born in 1800, a distinguished pupil and teacher of Berlin. He published a methodical picture book, in German and French, whence it appears that he was one of the small number of deaf mute authors. (Methodisches Bitderbuch deutsche und franzosisch).

John Nicol Willig; born in Bremen in 1796, and became totally deaf at 2 years old from a fever, and consequently grew up a mute. Schools for the deaf and dumb were then very few and remote. His parents sent him to a school for hearing children, where the teacher labored with more zeal than success to give him religious instruction by means of pictures. He afterwards became a first rate basket-maker. When Kruse made his acquaintance, though past the age of learning written language, he had still a very strong thirst for such knowledge as he could acquire by signs; and says Kruse, 'overwhelmed me with questions about God, the Savior and the apostles.' A sister, who lived with him, was accustomed to keep him informed of passing events by signs, interpreting for him the public journals.

Heinrich Huntemann, also an uneducated deaf mute of Bremen; possessed of some property inherited from his father, which he wished to invest in gardening, but was prevented by the collateral heirs, his interest being only a life one. This seemed to him a very unjust interference. He was fond of pictures; managed his own affairs with sufficient shrewdness; and was careful to lay up something for old age, expecting to live to perhaps 150 years; but he died at the age of 68 in 1830. He was sick but three days, and his death was with little previous warning or suffering.

J. R. B.

Extract of a letter from L. Nippert, missionary of the M. E. Church, dated

Basel, May 21, 1860.

In company with bro. Jacoby I visited the old Rev. father Spittler, and several of the many institutions of which he is the founder and patron. The Lord has abundantly blessed the meek and silent working of this pious man, and has crowned with prosperity his undertakings, notwithstanding the resistance of his enemies, and the often repeated little faith of his friends. There, on yonder hill, two leagues of Basel, is his St. Chrishona, who sends out her missionaries fitted out for the practicable service in the kingdom of the Lord, and who work with great blessing in the orient; especially in the late years; however, they work with great success in Abyssinia, and enjoy the special favor of the reigning king, who declared himself openly for them, with his people; this important mission shall now be joined with Jerusalem, as it is intended to erect mission stations at every 50 leagues, which, like oases, (resting places) shall receive Greeks and others who go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and to entertain them with the bread of life, and which shall also mediate informations of the far off missions.

Below on the base of the Chrishona hill, lies the pleasant village of Rieben, and there are the institutions for the deaconnesses and for the deaf and mute, called into existence by father Spittler; the last one under the control of the excellent inspector, Mr. Arnold and his wife, who is truely working at his side. Here the deaf and mute learn to speak, not alone with the fingers, but also with the mouth, so that every one, who even does not understand the language by signs, can converse with them.

Mr. Arnold was so accommodating as to introduce us to the children, who readily and truly answered all our questions, particularly too, the biblical ones. We were pleased to hear them speak, and to observe the pleasure with which they try to pronounce every newly learned word.

There is hardly ever a deaf and mute who cannot learn to speak, as it is not the organ of speech what is defective, but only the organ of hearing, and they cannot speak, only because they cannot hear. In the neighboring village of Bictingen, arises now a second institution for the older deaf and mutes, who cannot find any place in the other institutes, and would be obliged to live and die in their misery.

There would be much to write of the institution for the deaconnesses, in which many sick are taken care of, and the sisters are brought up to the service of the sick—then of the children's hospital, of the servant girls' home, and at last, but not in the least in the mission house in Basel, which is grown up out of a small grain of mustard seed to a large tree, and under whose branches already many found rest in the heathen lands. To all these institutions, father Spittler has spoken the first word—and then supported them with advice and assistance; and while some, in the course of time, grow independent, probably, the most of them still stand in the nearest connection with him.

George Homer, Esq.

The name of no other man can be put forward for the Presidency of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes about to assemble in Convention at Hartford, that would meet with more general favor than the one at the head of this sketch.

Born in Boston, September 7, 1811, young George, entered, at the age of thirteen years, the Connecticut Institution for Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, then under the superintendance of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet. Graduating in 1829 he was apprenticed to a cabinet maker, in his native city. His health, soon, however, began to fail him. He had urgent cough, pain in his side and other pulmonary symptoms. Relinquishing the trade by the aid of which he hoped in time to make his way independently in life, he sought the pure bracing air of the Granite Hills—Here, under proper medical care, relying more, however, upon nature than upon physic, he began to rally with a rapidity really astonishing. Returning to Boston, he has, to this day, ever held an honorable position in life.

In stature, Mr. Homer is about six feet, with a quick gait, and pleasant and benevolent countenance. As the fruit of his marriage, which took place in 1851. to a beautiful and accomplished daughter of New York, a graduate of Dr. Peet's Institution, he had one son, George Loring, named after a roommate and early friend at Hartford—a child of uncommon promise, who, while yet in the freshness and bloom of innocent childhood was taken from the doating parents to mingle in the mansions above.

In all the great movements of the Deaf and Dumb, Mr. Homer has been closely identified. In 1844, when an attempt was made to establish a school in Mass, for the education of her mute children, Mr. Homer was among the foremost advocates of the plan.

Though an enthusiastic admirer of his friend and early teacher, Dr. Gallaudet, yet on this question, he took sides with Dr. Howe, an enemy to corporeal punishment; much is due to his efforts, in its banishment, as a part of the system of the Hartford School.

Much is due also to his efforts and services, in the matters of the presentation of silver plate to Messrs. Gallaudet and Clerc, in 1850, and of a monument to the former in 1853. In 1855, when the effort to establish a state school for mutes in Mass., was renewed, we find Mr. Homer, true to his former views, among the most active of the advocates. His speech before the Legislative Committee last winter, was precisely such as we had a right to expect from him. Unlike too many of the men of the day, he never disgraces himself by any unmanly concessions to the powers that be.

The Mutes of Mass., will stand by George Homer. He has been; for the last fifteen years, their acknowledged leader. Always progressive, yet with slower steps than we could have wished, he has placed his foot on the side which is destined to triumph. Cool, cautious, and firm, he has assured himself of the impregnable strength of his position, and may well laugh to scorn the denunciations of those who read in this movement of a good and sagacious man the prophecy of their own discomfiture.

S.

Boston, July 29, 1860.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH FOR DEAF-MUTES.

New York seems to be laboring perseveringly to benefit our brethren of that great city.—Through the exertions of Dr. Charles A. Budd, (our readers must bear in mind, that St. Ann's is made up of deaf-mutes and their hearing and speaking friends) one of the Vestry, a very interesting and profitable course of weekly lectures was begun, in the Lecture-room, under the Church, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 18. From week to week there were large gatherings of persons from both the classes of which the Parish is composed, for the lectures were delivered orally and interpreted through signs by the Rector. The first lecture was given by Prof. R. Ogden Doremus, M. D. upon Astronomy. He was followed by Dr. Clark, of Newark, on the ear; Hon. John H. Anthon on the education of the mind through the senses; Prof. Jennings of California on the laws of heat; Mr. Edward Fales on Cuba; Geo. W. Boyd Esq., on the life and character of Thomas Hood; Charles A. Budd, M. D., upon the effects of various occupations on longevity; J. O. Bronson, M. D., on the Doctor; A. K. Gardner, M. D., on the Jews and their peculiar observances; O. C. Prince Esq., on the burial places of Egypt; Dr. Clark of Newark, on the eye; D. P. Holton, M. D, on Astronomy with Magic-Lantern illustration; the Rev. N. E. Cornwall, on the reality of progress; and John Fowler, on the life and character and heroic death of Capt. Nathan Hale. Subsequently to this course, two evenings were taken up in sign-making, upon various topics, by deaf-mutes, interpreted orally by the Rector, for the hearing persons present.—When nothing of this mixed nature is going on, the Rector lectures to the deaf-mutes themselves, on Wednesday evenings with the exception of two or three months during the hot weather.—In the Lecture room, a library has been commenced, from which deaf-mutes have the privilege of drawing books to be read at home.—The deaf-mutes of New York enjoy their weekly evening gathering, exceedingly, and acknowledge that their minds have been greatly benefitted by the instruction upon various matters, which they have received. We understand that everything about the progress of the noble mission of St. Ann's Church among adult deaf-mutes betokens final success. The services are well attended, the number of deaf mutes at the afternoon service steadliy increasing. G.

Snake Charming. A Swede named G. F. Wirsen, recently gave an exhibition before the faculty of the Medical College at Atlanta, Ga., to convince them that there is such a thing as charming snakes. His operations are thus described by the Atlanta *Intelligencer*:

"A box containing some twenty-five snakes, among which was a rattlesnake with seven rattles, a large cotton mouth moccasin, the copperhead or rattlesnake's pilot, two different species of the viper, and several species of water moccasins, was opened. He took first the rattlesnake in his hand, shook his rattles, played with him, and coiled him about his neck. He next took the cotton mouth moccasin, and went through the same manœuvres with him, and so on through with all the others. He had at one time the whole twenty-five crawling around his neck, shoulders and head, touching his whiskers with their tongues, and actually kissing him. He put them on the floor, and tormented them in a way that we could call cruel, but not one of them attempted to bite him, or show the slightest anger, no matter what he did. He picked them all up and put them into his bosom, where they crawled and coiled for five minutes. They were then restored to their box, every one satisfied of one thing, that is, his complete control over them.

A stout small dog, at least four years old was then brought in, when Mr. Wirsen took out the rattlesnake, and in an instant the rattles were in motion, and the anger of the snake aroused. Mr. W. held him in his hand while he bit the dog twice. He then coiled the rattlesnake around his neck, and took out the cotton mouth moccasin, which bit the dog once, fiercely. From the moment the dog was bitten, and he appeared in excellent health before, he looked dull and drooped and died in an hour. This was to all a most satisfactory evidence that the snakes were venomous, but perfectly charmed and innocent in the hands of Mr. Wirsen."

A deaf mute, aged about 12 years, a pupil in the Wisconsin Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Delavan, was drowned, on the 3rd of July, in Turtle Creek, while bathing. The unfortunate lad belonged to Milwaukie. [Delavan Post.

Struck Dumb. William Edwards, of Springfield, left home one morning last week, entirely well, and while working in a field a singular feeling came over him, striking him dumb almost instantly, in which state he still remains. He has possession of all his senses, with the exception of speech.

To-day and To-morrow.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day.
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
There is much to do to-day
That can never be accomplished,
If we throw our hours away.
Every moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell;
Then why put off till to-morrow,
What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
We cannot do at last!
To-day! it is the only time
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form alife,
A moment gives it birth.

INDUSTRY.

The United States possesses within her borders all the natural advantages of clime, soil, mineral and commercial greatness, inland seas, endless rivers, mines of inexhaustible stores for fuel, a soil that can feed ourselves and starving millions abroad, and above all an energetic and industrious population. Our mountains might be gold and the valleys silver and the earth might spontaneously as luxuriously as the rich savannahs beneath the belted zone of Africa, but if we had not a people intelligent and industrious we should be poor indeed. The great capacity of the United States lies in her people. Industry—downright honest industry, is the wealth of nations. It is indeed true that we are much indebted for our rapid advancement in the race of national greatness to our natural resources, but with an energetic, industrious and intelligent population, no country will be poor.

New England is by no means a fertile land, but her people, that hive of industrious bees, make up in fertile industry and invention, what her soil lacks in productive quality. She has coined money out of the ice that forms on her ponds, and pressed gold out of her flinty rocks, and now with her wealth, she is the road builder of nearly the whole continent. Her capitalists own more stocks in railroads than all the rest the States put together. And how did she get those stocks? By downright industry—her natural resources are in her people. All honor then to industry and intelligence and moral worth.

We are often pained to hear people talking of the greatness of our country and attributing this to its rocks, its rivers, its mountains and valleys. These were in existence before our fathers trod our shores, and the unbroken forest reared its dark shadows over the ground where hundreds of cities and villages now rear their glittering spires and lofty domes.

What has made the change? Industry! Without industry the forest would still have frowned in gloomy grandeur where the cheerful smiles of civilized plenty now deck the valley and mountain.

When our citizens speak of our national greatness never let them forget that all this is the fruit of industry, and it is the anticipation of a just reward for labor that is now peopling the mighty valley of the West—it is an anticipation of a just reward for toil that causes the emigrant to pierce the gorges of the distant Rocky Mountains and pitch his tent on the banks of the Wallamette. All honor then we say to embrowned industry—an industrious, intelligent, enterprising and moral people, is the real gold and silver of our Republic. [Scientific American.

Moliere was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown before fourteen years of age, and cannot marry before eighteen? "It is" said Moliere, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

Every man has, in his own life, follies enough; in his own mind, troubles enough; in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough; in his own fortunes, evils enough without being curious about the affairs of others.

"The ocean speaks eloquently and forever," says Beecher.

"Yes" retorts Prentice, "and there's no telling it to dry up."

Fun is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new supply is a public benefactor.

THE ART OF NOT HEARING.

The art of not hearing should be taught every well-regulated family. It is full as important to domestic happiness as a cultived ear, for which so much money and tiare expended. There are so many thiwhich it is painful to hear—many which ought not to hear—very many which, heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contement and happiness—that one should be ducated to take in or shut out sounds, accoing to their pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion, acalls me all manner of names, the first wo shut my ears, and I hear no more. If my quiet voyage of life, I find myself cauin one of those domestic whirlwinds of scoing, I shut my ears, as a sailor would his sails, and making all tight, scud befthe gale. If a hot and restless man begto inflame my feelings, I consider what thfiery sparks may do in the magazine belwhere my temper is kept, and instantly clthe door.

Does a gadding, mischief-making fellbegin to inform me what people are sayabout me, down drops the porcullis of mear, and he cannot get in any further. Dothe collector of a neighborhood's scandask the use of my ear as a warehouse, it instinctively shuts up.

Some people seem anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them. If ihinted that any one has spoken evil of thethey set about searching the matter, afinding out. If all the petty things saidone by heedless or ill-natured idlers werebe brought home to him, he would becomemere walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharemarks. I should as soon thank a man femptying upon my bed a bushel of nettlor setting lose a swarm of ants in my chaber, or raising a pungent dust in my hogenerally, as to bring in upon me all the ttle of careless or spiteful people. If wwould be happy when among good meopen your ears; when among bad, shthem. And as the throat has a muscularrangement by which it takes care of tair passages of its own accord, so the earshould be trained to an automatic dullneof hearing! It is not worth while to hewhat your servants say when they are angwhat your children say after they have slammed the door; what your neighbors sabout your children; what your rivals sabout your business, your dress, or your affairs.

This art of not hearing, though untaughin the schools, is by no means unknown tunpracticed in society. I have noticed thea well bred woman never hears an impertnent or vulgar remark. A kind of discredeafness saves one from many insults, frommuch blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.

There are two doors inside my ears—right hand door leading to the heart, and left hand door, with a broad and steep passage out into the open air. This last doorreceives all ugliness, profanity, vulgaritymischief making, which suddenly find themselves outside of me.

Judicious teachers and indulgent parentsave young urchins a world of trouble byconvenient deafness. Bankers and moneylenders often are extremely hard of hearinwhen unsafe borrowers are importunate. never hear a man who runs after me in thstreet bawling my name at the top of hvoice; nor persons that talk evil of thowho are absent; nor those who give me unasked advice about my own affairs; nothose who talk largely about things of whicthey are ignorant.

If there are sounds of kindness, of mirthof love, open my ears! But temper, charshness, or hatred, or vulgarity, or flattershuts them. If you keep your garden gashut, your flowers and fruit will be safe. Iyou keep your door closed, no thief will roff with your silver; and if you keep yourears shut, your heart will lose neither iflowers nor its treasures.—Reynold's Micellany.

HOW TO BE RICH.

The way to get credit is to be punctual. The way to preserve credit, is not to use imuch. Settle often; have short accountsTrust no man's appearances, they are deceptive; perhaps assumed for the purpose obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy exteriorRogues usually dress well. The rich arplain men, trust him if any one, who carrisbut little on his back. Never trust himwho flies into a passion on being dunnedmake him pay quickly, if there be any virtuin the law. Be well satisfied before you givcredit, that those to whom you give it aresafe men to be credited. Sell your goods a small advance, and never misrepresenthem, for those whom you once deceivedwill be quite aware of you the second timeDeal uprightly with all men, and they wirepose confidence in you, and soon becomyour permanent customers. Beware of himwho is an office seeker. Men do not usually want an office when they have anythinto do. A man's affairs are rather low, whehe seeks office for support. Trust no strangger. Your goods are better than doubtfucharges. What is character worth, if yomake it cheap by crediting all alike. Agreebeforehand with every man about to dojob, and if large, put it into writing. If andecline this, quit or be cheated. Thoughyou want a job ever so much, make all surat the onset, and in a case at all doubtfumake sure of a guarantee. Be not afraid task it; the best test of responsibility; foif offence be taken, you have escaped loss.

An enemy to the domestic circle—a husband who objects to his wife's wearinhoops at home.